Rope Burns

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Rope Burns

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Maybe they should have started with the silk ties, Will thinks as he showers in the morning, working the shampoo into his hair. The hot water fogs up the shower door, and the steam is heady and lavender-tonka scented, and when the water runs down his arm to the raw marks on his wrists, he has to hold back a hiss.

Will and Hannibal mess around and have some fun, albeit a little restrained, so to speak.

Notes

So not long ago I recieved a lovely anon that wanted Will and Hannibal in some rope play, some rope burns, and an outsider seeing the after effects. And I'd never written anything like that before, so I thought I'd give it a shot! Things are going to get pretty heated, so enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Maybe they should have started with the silk ties, Will thinks as he showers in the morning, working the shampoo into his hair. The hot water fogs up the shower door, and the steam is heady and lavender-tonka scented, and when the water runs down his arm to the raw marks on his wrists, he has to hold back a hiss.

He would be lying if he said he hadn't enjoyed receiving them, however.

The shower is turned off and Will wraps a towel around his lower half, and swipes his hand over the fogged-up mirror, examining his reflection. It's refreshing that he no longer doesn't even make eye contact with himself, but instead holds his own gaze and tilts his head up, turning it from side to side. The mark on where his neck meets his shoulder isn't as raw as his wrists, as it had been attended to after last night's... *events*. But it's still sensitive as he lightly traces his fingers over it, skin barely covering a rising pulse.

He closes his eyes to enter himself for a moment, then reopens them before he opens the door that leads back into the bedroom.

Hannibal is not still asleep in the bed as he had been when Will had gotten up to shower earlier. He had probably woken when he reached out, still bleary from sleep, and was met with just the cool Egyptian cotton sheets. Will had to smile, picturing Hannibal's slightly curled lip and irritation just barely crinkling his usual demeanor. The bed was made, and the pillows picked up from their scattered places around the room and arranged against the headboard. The ropes were probably back under the bed, as they weren't limply lying on the ground after being hastily untied after their game.

Oh, and neatly laid out on the bed was a set of clothes. Not new ones, Will noted, slightly grateful. No, they were a slightly fraying linen shirt, and worn khakis that had somehow escaped being ironed within an inch of their lives. They were comfortable clothes, ones to relax in. Soothing. Will could have rolled his eyes but instead found himself smiling as he dressed, deliberately leaving the collar a mess and the sleeves barely folded over. As he made his way down the stairs, hair still damp, he absently rubbed at his wrist. It wasn't a painful ache, just a - well, a light burn, a *reminder.* A reminder of all that had occurred, with the mark on his neck, the scar on his cheek, the smile on his stomach.

Finally, he made his way down the stairs, following his nose to the smell of coffee and breakfast. When he arrives at the kitchen, he walks right in, head held just a little higher, partly to tease and partly to show Hannibal exactly what he wants to see.

Hannibal, dressed in simple around-the-house clothes, which amounts to a simple shirt and pants, barely more than pajamas, and the dark blue-bordering-on-black robe that Will now admits he likes a lot.

"I trust you slept well," Hannibal offers instead of 'good morning' as he pours a cup of coffee for Will, and he's asking that question because he already knows the answer. Will raises an eyebrow, and reaches out to accept the coffee. The sleeve slips down as he does so, the mug deliberately being offered higher so that this would happen.. Will catches Hannibal's expression as he observes the burn on his wrist, and he smirks.

“Subtlety has never been your strong suit,” he remarks, sipping the coffee, looking over at the table and slightly surprised that there is no breakfast on it. Hannibal’s hand touches his shoulder, lightly. No longer testing the waters, but a gentle reassurance.

“It’s a warm morning. I thought perhaps we’d dine on the veranda.”

Will nods, and heads out the sliding glass door, Hannibal following behind. He takes a seat on one of the white wicker chairs, and Hannibal does the same, removing the cloths and covers from the dishes.

“Scrambled eggs, done with a *cremè fraîche,* with black pudding to accompany. And a vanilla brown sugar polenta with blueberries,” he presents, serving a portion of everything for the both of them. It’s delicious, as always, and it’s quiet, as most meals often are, in order to savor the food.

At one point, Will reached across the table for the pitcher of freshly squeezed blood orange juice, and his sleeve slips down again. He can feel Hannibal’s gaze, and he just gives him a look as he pours his drink before setting the pitcher back down.

“Well?” he asks, lifting the glass to his lips. “What do you want to ask?”

Hannibal’s eyes have a spark to them. That’s usually not a good sign. “You were adamant about no questioning last night.”

“I will deal with your psychoanalyzing,” Will declares, cutting through the eggs with his fork. “But I will *not* be psychoanalyzed before, during, *or* after sex. I still have *some* boundaries left.”

“Duly noted,” is Hannibal’s smooth reply. “May I do so now?”

“Depends on the question,” Will says back, placing a bite of eggs in his mouth.

“Was last night rewarding for you?”

“Was it for *you?”*

“That is not an answer, Will,” Hannibal reminds, scooping out another portion of the polenta.

“I’m using your approach; answering a question without ever actually answering so the other party tells you something you want to know.”

“How apt. However, I would like an actual answer at this point and time, Will.”

Will chews for a moment, on the eggs and his thoughts, and swallowed before answering. “Yes. I think it was. Though, I do want to point out when I brought this up, I wanted to tie you up.”

There is no change in Hannibal’s expression. “But you did agree to a reversal of that idea. Rather readily. I thought perhaps you were projecting your own desires onto me.”

“How so, doctor?” Will asks, tilting back in his chair. “Because I was just saying that I had had some *really* great fantasies of you tied up back in Baltimore and now here I am with rope burn on *my* wrists.”

A flicker of a smile. “Since as you have said before, we’re conjoined, perhaps your fantasies are subconscious desires of your own. Ones that you buried and not come to terms with quite yet. Surrendering control when you’ve worked so hard to maintain a semblance of it is an intoxicating concept, am I correct?”

Will works his jaw, narrowing his eyes at the barest smug look on Hannibal’s face. He forces out a smile of his own. “Quite an analysis, doctor. The longest possible way for you to say *‘I really wanted to tie you to the bedposts first and you were really into it.’* Impressive.”

The smile on Hannibal's face is wider now. It’s a mixture of fond annoyance and amusement. Will smiles back, and then continues: “Two can play this game, you know. I could give an entire thesis on me allowing you to choose my safeword and you went with every iteration of God, Jesus Christ, and the like that I could think of, but I can sum it up: you’re a sadist with a God complex.”

“Apt,” is Hannibal’s succinct reply, in a rather dull tone. Will laughs at the slightly put out expression on his husband’s face, who gets a little miffed when his person suit is ripped clean off. Will eats another forkful of eggs, pointing his fork at Hannibal when he finishes, and then says, his eyes gleaming with mischief:

“I get to tie you up next. Even Steven, you know.”

They leave the house sometime after one in the afternoon, a need to stretch their legs and get out of the house. For a while, they simply drive around and out of the city, top down in their car, and Will lets his eyes close as the warm wind breezes past their faces and musses their hair.

He tilts his head back unconsciously, and his mind floods with some memories of the night before.

“And are you aware of our rules?” Hannibal asks, pulling on the rope to make sure it is tight. Will tested it before, and well, it doesn't feel like he could slip out of his bonds. He nods, glancing up at Hannibal with a sly look.

“If I call out for anyone other than you, your ego will be bruised beyond repair and you will pout about it for the rest of the night.”

“Will.”

“And you’ll stop our game immediately.”

“Good. Now,” Hannibal says, and Will feels shivers roll down his spine as he bites hard at his bottom lip as he feels Hannibal trace maddeningly slow circles on the scar on his stomach, “Just relax.”

Will opens his eyes again as he feels the car brake, the tires crunching gravel underneath them. They're at an antique bookstore just on the outskirts of town, one that Hannibal is inordinately fond of. He looks over at Will as though reading his thoughts. “They've acquired a collection from an auction recently, I thought about stopping to perhaps acquire a few new ones.”

“You haven't finished the last one you bought,” Will reminds, a teasing smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

“As I recall, I was distracted by my husband training the dog in the living room.”

“She can fetch your paper now, you’re welcome,” Will jokes, opening the passenger side door and getting out of the car, stretching his neck to one side before suddenly remembering why he’s wearing a collar, and immediately straightens back up to smooth it back down over the mark. And he nearly jumps out of his skin when Hannibal’s warm breath is against his ear and his fingers pulling it back down to trace over it. Will has to grit his teeth and pry his fingers off. “We’re in public,” he mutters under his breath, covering his mark up with his hand. Hannibal’s eyes gleam with all the wickedness of the world in them, and says not a word as he takes Will’s other hand as they enter the shop.

Will really does enjoy this bookstore, the musty scents of old books and leather furniture sun bleached by the sun coming through the dusty windows. The shelves are lined and full, and it’s calming to walk through each one, running his fingers along the spines of the books. He quickly loses sight of Hannibal, leaving him nose-deep in some ancient libretto. So instead, he makes his way through the aisles, eventually coming to the old globe in the back of the store. The owner’s cat, a brown-and-black tabby with calico mixed into her genes, relaxes on the overstuffed brown armchair, and barely opens her eyes to acknowledge him. Will scratches behind her ears, and her eyes close and she curls up into a ball.

He turns back to the globe, and he spins it once, letting his fingers run across country after country. They run over the east coast of the United States, and he doesn't stop the spinning. He does stop it on Italy, and touches the northern part of the country, roughly where Florence is.

One day they’ll go back, he promises, for the both of them. He closes his eyes again.

“Oh, fuck, oh my g-”

There’s a sharp warning bite to his shoulder, and swallowing his words takes all of Will’s effort as he writhes underneath Hannibal’s affection and strong, unyielding grip.

“Bastard,” he says through his teeth, sweat dripping down his brow as he feels the skin on his hip start to bruise and break from the sheer force of Hannibal’s grasp. Hannibal’s controlled smirk throughout this whole affair is starting to fracture, breaking into a snarl at times. Will feels a little delirious, straining his wrists against the bonds, which have no give in them in the least. The rope is biting into his wrists as Hannibal’s teeth rake across his jugular, and Will gives in, pulling out his remaining card. He throws his head back, partly for show and partly because his head needs to be slightly clear for this. He also manages to open his eyes enough to make eye contact, but every movement is making it difficult to maintain. He grins, feeling dizzy. He’s just about to speak when Hannibal fucking <u>moves</u> right where he needs the friction, right in <u>that</u> spot and he forgets what he wanted to say and just reacts, fighting against the rope to no avail.

“Fuck - fuck,” he murmurs as Hannibal finally fucking kissed him. “H - Hannibal, g - ffuuuck, damn, I fucking love you.”

That gets a full-fledged snarl, that continues as Hannibal makes his way down to Will’s neck and bites down <u>hard</u> and

Something brushes against Will’s hand and he nearly jumps and knocks over the globe, and looking down, notices it’s just the cat again, in search of another scratch.

Petting the cat one last time, Will walks down the next aisle, finding it to be full of old cookbooks. He nods to the woman who comes into aisle after him, and he turns his attention back to the book that caught his eye on a higher shelf. Something about microwave meals, and he can just picture Hannibal’s face at the concept of microwaving an omelette. He smiles to himself and reaches up to grab it, and his sleeve slips down. Absently, he looks down at it and suddenly remembers it is still red and bruised. Casting a quick look at his right, it’s evident from the woman’s stare that she’s noticed. He puts on a fake smile, grabs the book, and turns to walk out of the aisle, pulling up his sleeve.

And nearly walks right into Hannibal.

“Jesus, you need a bell like Novella over there,” he hisses, gesturing to the owner’s cat who is now contentedly licking her paw. Hannibal looks amused over his shoulder, and Will remembers the woman still standing there. And then, very decidedly, Hannibal smiles, takes Will’s hand, fingers gripping at his wrist, and pulls him into the next aisle, away from her eyes and pushing Will up against the gardening section.

“What are you doing?” Wil breathed out, trying to sound accusing but it’s not very convincing as Hannibal easily undos Will’s collar button, pulling it to the side and smirking. “We are in *p - oh fu-”*

Hannibal slowly kisses the mark on his neck, his tongue laving over the dark bruising. “Mmm, you’re suddenly very *tense,* Will.”

“We are - we are *not* doing this in your favorite bookstore. If this is what turns you on, we can do it in the library at our house,” Will says lowly, trying to sound serious. Hannibal tilts

his head a little, pressing more into his neck and humming.

“We don’t have a ladder for the library,” Hannibal says, and Will finally rolls his eyes, and finds the strength and willpower to push him off of him.

“You’re gross,” he declares, handing him the book. “And if you pull this shit again I’ll microwave salmon and force you to eat it.”

“How dreadful,” Hannibal says, placing Will’s book on top of his own and then uses his free hand to take Will’s hand again, thumb tracing over his wrist. Will can still sense a slight, tingling burn as he allows himself to be walked to the front to check out.

When they make it back to the car, Will lets his arm drape down on the side of his seat, and his fingers brush against the agate handle of a hunting knife he must’ve lost a while ago. He keeps his face blank, but internally, he’s grinning like a maniac.

Hannibal has barely set down his books on the kitchen counter in order to remove his jacket when he feels the sharp, curved blade of a knife against the back of his neck.

“May I remove my jacket before you maim me?” he asks, mirth seeping into his voice. He can hear a reflection of that in Will’s response.

“You may.”

With the promise of a knife still against his skin, Hannibal removes his jacket, folds it over once, and leaves it on the back of the chair by the counter.

He can hear the smile in Will’s voice. “What did I say this morning?”

“‘I will not be psychoanalyzed before, during, or-’”

“No,” Will scolds lightly, pressing the knife in just a little more. Not breaking the skin, but the blade is still felt. “I said that *I get to tie you up next.”*

“Ah,” Hannibal says, as if he’s just remembered the exchange. “So you did.”

“I did. Up the stairs.”

“Say please.”

Will clicks his tongue shaking his head. “No, no, I’m *telling* you what to do, Hannibal. I’m not *asking.* Up the stairs.”

Hannibal finally complies, and the knife is removed from its position as they go upstairs. When they reach the bedroom, Hannibal moves to undo his buttons, but Will turns him around and presses his hand against his chest, smiling. “No.”

Fair enough, Hannibal thinks, letting his hands fall to his sides and let Will do as he wishes. Will looks him up and down, before saying, “On the bed.” Adn as an afterthought. *“Please.”*

Unexpected. Hannibal complies, sitting down on the edge of the bed. Will stands before him, looking over him again, and then leans down, kissing him. Hannibal barely has time to return the kiss when Will’s hand is flat against his chest and he roughly pushes him backwards onto the bed. He looks up, sure his annoyance is evident on his face, but Will is only smiling, holding a rope and fiddling with it in his hands.

“Left hand, please,” he says, and Hannibal complies, craning his neck to watch Will work. It’s not merely a few firm knots, it’s at least three different nautical knots (most likely ones he has used in his sailing) that are difficult to untie on their own, let alone in succession. That, Hannibal surmises, is what the knife is for. He pulls against the bond when Will is done, and finds no give. Without being asked, he offers his right hand, and Will repeats the process, and Hannibal tests the strength again. No give.

Satisfied, he looks back up at Will, who appears very pleased with himself. For show, he attempts to pull against his restraints to no avail. “Is this satisfactory?”

“Yes,” Will says simply, picking the knife back up from the bedside table. “But I’m going to need you to sound less clinical.”

Hannibal chooses to not speak just yet, as Will uses the knife to trace against the top button of his shirt, before carefully cutting it clean off. He does this for each button until they are all scattered on the floor, and then cleanly slices through the sleeves, before removing the shirt completely.

“Did this factor into your previous fantasies?” Hannibal asks, and Will rolls his eyes and laughs.

“How many times am I going to have to ask you to not psychoanalyze me in bed?” he teases. “But just this once, I’ll answer you: no. I just thought of it twenty minutes ago. Oh, and something else I never thought about until just last night: will you allow me to choose your safe word? It would be fair, but it’s entirely up to you, of course.”

Hannibal thinks for a moment, and then nods. “You may.”

“Perfect,” Will purrs, finally (finally) climbs onto the bed, maneuvering himself so that he’s straddling Hannibal’s hips, and Hannibal subtly (he thinks) bites the very inside of his lips. And then Will shifts back, right there, yes, *yes* -

And then he just *stays* there, not moving, but right where Hannibal wants him. Cruel. Will sighs then, grabbing his attention once again. He undos his collar and the first button, and then rolls up his sleeves to his elbows.

The red wrist marks are still there, and the bite mark on his neck is dark and bruised, all of that blood hammering against the thin skin, desperate to break through.

“I thought about what I’d make your safeword,” Will says offhandedly. “For a while I thought I’d make it the entire Lithuanian language, but then I figured you’d just switch to Italian or Swedish or something. And then I thought of the *perfect* one.”

Now, Will moves again, shifting his position and causing delicious friction, before leaning forward, bracing his hands on either side of Hannibal, so their chests are barely brushing and breathing out against his lips. “You can say anything you want, in any language you want. As long as it’s not my name.”

Oh.

That was...not what he had anticipated.

Will seals this declaration with a kiss. Not a rough, violent one, but rather loving, passionate, fond. On instinct, Hannibal moves to tangle his fingers in Will’s curls and pull, only to be reminded of the tight, biting ropes holding him back. He barely keeps out a snarl, and Will laughs into it.

“W-” Hannibal starts without thinking, only for Will to suddenly break the kiss and instead press a finger to his lips.

“No,” he warns, but unable to keep from grinning. “Say my name, and I’ll stop.”

“That is - cruel.”

“I know,” Will says, bending back down to kiss him again. “I’m just - *embracing my nature,* you know. My therapist says I need to come to terms with it, so I’m starting now.”

Hannibal attempts to move under Will in order for something, anything, but Will justs snaps his teeth and bites lightly on Hannibal’s bottom lip, hard enough for the blood to rush to the surface, but not enough for it to break the skin. Hannibal expects a teasing remark to follow it, but instead, Will kisses him again, slowly, deeply.

“Hannibal,” he says, and it is sincere, making this even more difficult. “I love you.”

How can he resist <u>that?</u>

“I love you, W-” Another bite, this one much sharper, right under an artery.

Damn him.

Hannibal does not focus in his office at all the next day, as every time he types on his laptop, the inside of his sapphire cufflinks (the color of Will's eyes) brush against the angry, screeching red marks on his wrists.

End Notes

(FYI, Novella is based on my own sweet kitty, Lilliput, who likes to sleep on chairs and books instead of her own bed. She is cranky like Will Graham, though, and picky about her food like Hannibal. She'd fit right in!)

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